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13.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.
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CHAPTER III.

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BY OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

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ALEXANDRA PARK.

BY ONE OF ITS OWNERS.

AS I am not one of the lucky gentlemen, somewhat disdainfully addressed in Brierley's ballad of the "Weaver of Welbrook," as being "preawd o' yor heawnds and yor parks," seeing that I have only once in my life beheld a hunting field, and that was from a railway train, and haven't a twig in the world that would shelter a sparrow, I compensate myself for my landless condition by a platonic sort of partiality for what are called the People's Parks. In my character of a disestablished territorial proprietor, I do not go down to the Free Trade Hall as Mr. Sims Reeves does when he sings the Slogan of the Highlander bereaved of his property, and shriek something that I think is spelt in the programme as "Gregalach." No. Instead of yelling Gregalach to a numerous and fashionable audience in Peter Street, I console myself with the recollection that, being one of the people, Peel Park, Queen's Park and Philip's Park, and the latest acquisition—Alexandra Park, are as much my property as anybody else's. It is true I didn't buy them, and cannot sell them, nor can I (as several young and foolish noblemen have lately done with theirs) "make ducks and drakes" of them. So much the better for me. I keep my parks, it may be, in spite of myself, and if I happen to be an ass or a lunatic, a provident legislature protects me from the consequences of that species of misfortune. These parks of mine rise, therefore, to the dignity of inalienable possessions. I confess that I enjoy very much this indefinable consciousness of territorial proprietorship. Indeed, I rather revel in it. As one of the people of the city and borough of Manchester and Salford, I can say that I am now "seised and possessed" of no fewer than four of these delightful pleasaunces. How many more would anybody have?

The other day I had a little saunter for the purpose of looking over my new property. It is easy to say that the Alexandra Park is situate on the south-east side of Manchester, but it is easier to understand where it is, perhaps, to be told that if you take a twopenny ride outside an omnibus that runs to Brooks's Bar, and drop off about a minute before you get to the Bar, at the end of a newly-made road called the Alexandra Road, you are practically there. The Park, indeed, on that, its western side, abuts against the Alexandra Road, and is only separated from it by its low white stone wall and iron railing. By the way, this new road is parallel with Didsbury Road, just as Moss Side is parallel with the new road made from Fallowfield. Extending to and beyond the southern end of the Alexandra Road, the four sides forming a vast and slightly irregular paralellogram, the whole of which—as the Rev. Mr. Strong informed the public when the Freemasons laid the foundation stone of the Holy Innocents the other Saturday—has been thrown by Lord Egerton into the "building market." The Park can be approached and entered by way of two elegant lodges, one out of Alexandra Road, and the other out of Greenheys (now often called "Mary Barton's") fields. Other entrances, lodgeless, and of a simpler kind, are made on other sides of the Park boundary. The distance of the Park, from say St. Ann's Square, is about two-and-a-half miles, but I should imagine that the number of persons to whom it is accessible in a walk of from five to twenty minutes, representing probably the bulk of the population of Hulme and Chorlton, is fully fifty thousand. I know of no better way of showing the immense value of the Park as a new and great sanitary institution than by saying that in less than half-an-hour, and by the aid of the twopenny auxiliary on wheels, the Park can be reached by probably a quarter of a million of persons.

The Park covers an area of sixty acres, a good big lung reserved for the future breathing machinery of the present and future population. These sixty acres are being disposed of by the landscape gardeners as similar grounds usually are. Winding pathways innumerable, meander eternally around clumps of shrubbery and lead the wanderer in a labyrinthine manner, from nowhere to—nowhere. With two notable exceptions. Entering by the lodge in the Alexandra Road, and extending along the whole of the western side of the Park, is a very noble avenue, with a pathway on either side of it, from which it is separated by a broad bower of greensward, with lines of young trees, principally holly and lime. This avenue has a very impressive and triumphant aspect, and would be almost perfect, but for a defect common to the whole Park, and which I will mention hereafter. A great ornamental lake lies in the south-west corner of the Park, in the middle of which a shrubbery is islanded, and a margin of young evergreens runs all around the lake. The water is clear and pellucid, and the sight of it is exceedingly refreshing to the eye. The great open breezy centre of the Park, will, very likely, be the haunt of the crowd of persons to whom unconfined space confers a keen and special sense of enjoyment. These two great green lawns, consisting of about seven acres each, leave room for the winds to blow, either in the way of zephyr, or in the rougher manner of Dibdin's blustering sailor, and the unrestrained vision, ranging over this great glassy surface, will derive from the sweet spectacle a delicious pleasure.

Although, when I was in the park a few days ago, I found that a great deal had been done by the troop of wheelbarrows busy in the work of transformation, I saw that much remained to do. At present the whole of the northern side remains pretty much in its original state of chaos. Here, in the chasms of ugly hollow wastes, out of which "millions" of clay have been dug during the last few years by the provident authorities, may be seen what I would call a questionable phenomenon. These yawning clayless acres are being filled with masses of cinder refuse, evidently taken from ten thousand ashpits. Thousands, tens of thousands of cubic yards of this unsavoury conglomerate have been tumbled into this wide artificial cellarage to level it with the higher ground. These cindery masses betrayed their origin in more ways than one. Thickly mixed up in the ashy "base" were the multifarious wreck and castaway of urban life—broken crockery, brickbats, corks, tin canasters, old shoes, glass-bottles, oyster shells, and such like. It was the sort of huge dunghill on which Job might have sat in the extremity of his affliction, when there seemed to be nothing left for him in all the world but blasphemy and such a deathbed. But beyond all, and above all, this city refuse diffused itself such an overpowering and sickening odour of what is euphemistically called "night soil," (it was a very warm day) that a sudden suggestion of emetic possibilities, and (I think) a well formed apprehension of something "typhoid," drove me to another and a sweeter part of the park with an alacrity unusual to quiet people. One must needs hope that ultimate layers of soil and gravel will effectually deodorize all this nastiness, and that this tremendous stink will go when the stuff from which it is generated is decently buried. As I slowly recovered from the nausea I could not help wondering who had sent this little mountain of malaria here, and although I did not wait to "speak evil of dignities," I certainly thought, just for a moment, that the abominable mess somehow smelt a little of the Manchester Corporation.

From the beginning of this journey round my garden, to the end of it, I was haunted by two wishes. I wished that before this land had been placed in the hands of the professional landscape maker it had been the scene of some considerable volcanic action—something in the way of an exuberant yet well conducted earthquake. Excepting the small artificial obesities—mere horticultural pimples—fomented as it were by the artists with wheelbarrows, this Alexandra Park of mine (and yours) is practically as flat as a billiard table. Without hills and valleys (not necessarily big ones) a painter will tell us how hard it is to create picturesque landscape, and it is no fault of the persons who are *not* doing it that they miss the fine natural advantages in this respect which are found at Peel Park, Philip's Park, and Queen's Park. The rugged billowy sites of these Parks rendered it easy to make pictures of them. Very pretty pictures were therefore made. As you cannot very well have a park for the townships of Chorlton and Hulme on Blackstone Edge or Alderley, we must needs take what geology has left us—the ground that can be used.

When I had got rid of my haunting desire for an impossible earthquake, there remained to me the haunting wish for timber. Now, it may be a weakness of mine, but I confess that a park seems to me to be

none the less a park if it possesses the luxury of noble timber. A park being used principally in warm and often burning summer weather, you want overhanging verdures for shade as well as for the eye's refreshment. The three other parks I have named (certainly two of them), besides the immense advantage of boldly undulating ground, started in the public service with an abundance of well grown park-like trees. Queen's Park and Peel Park were the garden vicinage of old villa residences, and were therefore easily made to look like what they were called. The Alexandra Park, on the contrary, is doubly unfortunate in having for its site an almost dead level and in also being treeless. I don't think that if you were to count, one by one, all the fairly grown trees that stood on the sixty acres of the Alexandra Park *before* they began to try to make a park of it, you would find more than about—at the rate of half a tree to an acre. Of course I know that thousands of trees have been planted since the ground came into the hands of the gardeners; but I affirm that the great mass of what has been planted consists of what are trees only by courtesy. They are not half or quarter big enough. I will instance the long avenue extending from north to south and parallel with the new Alexandra road. On either hand of this main avenue are (as I have said) broad bowers of greensward separating it from pathways running along side of it. These reaches of sward are planted from end to end with hollies and limes (linden) alternately. Now a great number of these limes are little better than a handful of twigs seven, eight, and ten feet high. In twenty years these will form a beautiful avenue, but I think if we could have had that beautiful avenue in ten years, the Corporation might have let us have it. By the expenditure of a few additional hundreds, a great quantity of beautiful and well-grown timber could have been transplanted, and a real park much earlier made out of a comparative Sahara.

I am old enough to remember the time when the site of Victoria Park was a swamp and a wilderness not very unlike that of the one I am speaking of. It was planted chiefly with the diminutive sort of thing now used at the Alexandra Park. Those twigs have taken between thirty and forty years to become the fairly-grown and shady timber they are now. Personally, and as one of the people, I would rather not wait until the twentieth century for what I ought to have sooner. *Can* big trees be transplanted? you ask. The authorities will tell you that any of moderate size, say from twenty to forty feet high, may (with care, skill, and properly directed physical force) be transplanted with safety and success. I am not sanguine enough to hope that anything that is done will be re-done for what I may say here, but on the northern and unfinished side of the park I trust that the hint may be taken. I don't forget that *outside* of the Park is more parklike than the inside, and that this circumstance is a pleasant compensation. But that compensation can only be temporary. The Withington Rector was right in remarking that the opening of the road from Fallowfield to Chorlton, skirting as it does the southern and widest side of the park, has been put into "the building market," and as a crop of villas and "genteel residences" are vastly more profitable to the owner, Lord Egerton, than crops of turnips and mangold wurzel, the building harvest is likely to be a good deal stimulated. It will follow that the green cloud of plantation known as Houghs End Clough, which now lends a glory of its own to the great western avenue I have referred to, will be lost. And so, too, with the tower of Withington College and "Britannia House," now seen to the south-west, cresting an island of fine verdure—a very parklike feature. The very opening of these new western and southern roads is an express declaration of what is meant and what is wanted. Looking towards the north-west entrance of the Park you see already the glaring windowless walls of new brick advancing towards the Park, with their ogre eyes and mouths open to swallow up the freshness and beauty around it. These gorgons of the brickfield will continue to stride along in their seven league boots until they have pretty well swallowed up the green country around the Park, and left it to its own internal resources. That is why I want the Park to have all the resources that can be bestowed upon it, and why I entreat the persons who can do it to let us see what they can yet achieve in the way of transplantation.

I have so little of the disposition to carp in me that I will make space to say that, on the whole, I like my new property well enough; and if I say that I could have wished it to be vastly better than I found it, If don't say that it is not exceedingly good as it is. But until it is a Park, I think it should be called the Alexandra Shrubberies.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

JOHN BRADFORD, SAINT AND MARTYR.

A FEW weeks ago, Smithfield, and the buyers and sellers of the Metropolitan meat market, witnessed the part payment of a debt long due to the memory of a group of pious and valiant Englishmen, foremost among whom, in life and in death, was this famous Lancashire Worthy. On the 11th of March last, at the west corner of the outer wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and fixed in one of the recesses thereof, was formally uncovered a modest tablet of polished granite, an inscription on which proclaims to the passers-by this interesting fact: "Within a few feet of this spot, John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, and other Servants of God suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555, 1556, 1557." The "illustrious Bradford," as he is designated by Mr. Froude, a writer not prodigal of epithets, was the first "Manchester man," distinctly known as such, to earn for himself a niche in English history. Amid our later successes, industrial, commercial, and poiitical, it may be well to call to mind and to lay to heart the heroism which, in the sixteenth century, conducted John Bradford, not to the front rank in schedule A, or schedule D, nor to seats in Parliament and the Cabinet, but to a martyr's death in Smithfield, with a tallow chandler's apprentice for his companion and fellow-sufferer.

"In Manchester was I born," writes Bradford himself, in his farewell address to his native county, a statement which disposes of the local tradition that he was a native of Blackley, where for this and other reasons his memory is still said to be cherished. About the earliest memoir of him extant, written some four years after his death, declares that he was "born in Lancastershire, in Manchester, a notable town of that county; was of his gentle parents brought up in virtue and good learning even from his very childhood, and among other praises of his good education, he obtained, as a chief gift, the cunning and readiness of writing, which knowledge was not only an ornament unto him, but also an help to the necessary sustentation of his living." Baines, in his history of Lancashire, avers that Bradford "received a liberal education in the Free Grammar School of his native town, founded by Bishop Oldham, and stood in high estimation for his proficiency in the Latin language and his extensive knowledge of arithmetic." He is supposed to have been born about 1510, and Bishop Oldham founded our Free Grammar School in 1515. It is pleasant to think that Bradford was in all probability one of the earliest of its pupils. The success in life procured him by the "commercial element" in the education received there proved, indeed, as it happened, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. The scholarship, however, of which he laid the foundation at Bishop Oldham's famous seminary, forwarded him to the acquisition of the highest spiritual truth attainable in his age. The Reformation was in its origin the producer of scholars and divines. Not until meditation, reading, and research had done their work could "the people" be invited to aid in pulling down what had become a rotten and dangerous ecclesiastical fabric of falsehood and tyranny. In Bradford's supposed birth-year, an Augustine monk, a professor of philosophy at the University of Wittenberg, was sent by the superiors of his order, on a mission to Italy, and what he then saw at Rome first opened his eyes to the iniquity of the Papal system. Eleven years later, when Bradford, a boy of twelve or so, may have been construing and ciphering at the Manchester Grammar School, reflection, study, and scholarly investigation had issued in the clearest conviction. Luther was at the Diet of Worms, resolute, fearless, invincible, vindicating in the teeth of Emperor and Pope the right of private judgment to hold its own against mere old authority, deaf, blind, and arbitrary.

In course of time, Bradford's conversancy with the three R's, more especially with two of them, proved such an effectual "help to the necessary sustentation of his living," that he became the secretary of Sir John Harrington, Knight, of Oxton, in Rutlandshire. Sir John was Treasurer of the King's Camps and Buildings, and a semi-military, semi-civil functionary of some importance in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Bradford's "activity in writings," and "expertness in the art of auditors," according to one of his old biographers, did much recommend him to Sir John, who made him pay-master at the seige of

Montreuil in 1544, when that town was beleagured by the Duke of Norfolk and an English force, as a blind to draw off the French while Henry VIII., in person, invested and took Boulogne. A few years later—and in the spring of 1547,—soon after the accession of Edward VI.,—Bradford entered himself at the Inner Temple as a student of common law. He had saved a little money—and one of Sir John's sons lived with him in chambers—on which account, and perhaps on other accounts, he received an allowance from his old employer, whom for some time he continued to call "master." One of his two sureties on his admission to the Inner Temple was his friend Thomas Sampson, a law-student like himself, but who lived to be Dean of Chichester and to refuse a bishopric. With the accession of Edward VI. the reformed doctrine took a fresh start in England, and was preached everywhere with new vehemence and vigour. Thomas Sampson hearkened to it, embraced it zealously, resolved to enter the Church, and in 1549 was ordained deacon by Cranmer and Ridley. A year or so before, the proselyte's faith was already so strong as to make him a successful proselytizer. Bradford was won over by Sampson's influence, and the earliest of his letters which have been printed, belonging apparently to the year 1548, and addressed to dear friends in Lancashire, ministering at Blackley, show him to have embraced with his whole heart and soul the religious doctrines of the English Reformers. It was not only, moreover, in words, but in act and deed that Bradford manifested the change that had been worked in him. "After that God touched his heart," says Sampson, who became his biographer, "with that holy and effectual calling, he sold his chains, rings, broaches, and jewels of gold, which before he used to wear, and did bestow the price of this his former vanity in the necessary relief of Christ's poor members, which he could hear of or find lying sick or pining in poverty." Better still, and much more difficult:—"Even in this mean time," continues Sampson, "he heard a sermon which that notable preacher Master Latimer made before king Edward the Sixth, in which he did earnestly speak of restitution to be made of things falsely gotten, which did so strike Bradford to the heart, for with one dash with a pen, which he had made without the knowledge of his master (as full often I have heard him confess with plenty of tears), being clerk to the treasurer of the king's camp beyond the seas, and was to the deceiving of the king, that he could never be quiet till, by the advice of the same Master Latimer, a restitution was made." This passage clearly acquits Sir John Harrington of complicity with the original misdemeanour, but Bradford's insistance on restitution so offended him that the connection between them ceased. The affair, however, procured him the fast friendship of brave Bishop Latimer, and it stood him in good stead so long as it could be of any avail.

Preachers of the Word were wanted, and Latimer encouraged Bradford in his design to give up the law and enter the Church. In the summer of 1548 he entered Catherine Hall, Cambridge. At the University his walk and conversation were such that, after a single year, the pious and kindly Bishop Ridley, then master of Pembroke Hall, invited him to be a fellow thereof, and by special favour the University transformed him into a Master of Arts. In another year he was ordained deacon by Ridley, who made him one of his chaplains, and "lodged him in his house." A prebend in St. Pauls followed. This was in 1551, and a few months later he was appointed one of the six chaplains ordinary of Edward VI. Two of them were to be always in attendance on the young king, while four preached throughout the land. Bradford's district comprised Lancashire and Cheshire, and the uncompromising earnestness of his preaching has been commemorated by the published approval of John Knox. "And God gave," says old Hollingworth, the Manchester chronicler, writing a century or so afterwards in a time of Puritanism triumphant, "good success to the ministry of the Word, and both raised up to himself and preserved a faithful people in Lancashire, especially in and about Manchester and Bolton." Bradford's last preaching-tour in his native county was at the close of 1552. "Local tradition," says his pious modern biographer, "even yet points to the spot in Blackley where the country-people say that Bradford, during that last visit to Manchester, knelt down and made solemn supplication to Almighty God. His request at the throne of grace was that the everlasting gospel might be preached in Blackley to the end of time by ministers divinely taught to feed the flock with wisdom and knowledge. The martyr's prayer, it is alleged, has been answered in the continuance, with scarcely an exception, of faithful men in that place." This was written in 1853.

The fervour which earned for Bradford's denunciations of sin in high places and in low the praise of the terrible Reformer of Scotland, seems to have been accompanied by a sweetness of temper that made even his enemies look upon him with favour. A blameless purity, not to say austerity, of life, severity towards himself greater than towards others, in combination with fine intellectual gifts and the utmost gentleness of disposition, point out Bradford as approaching the idea of a Protestant saint. He never forgot his own old transgressions, witness his traditional saying when he saw malefactors on their way to the place of punishment: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford." His personal influence seems to have been singularly great, more especially when the rapidity with which it was acquired is considered. He had been a preacher only three years, and during that period chiefly in the provinces, when he showed himself able to subdue the fury of an enraged London mob. Edward VI. died on the 6th of July, 1553, and on the 3rd of August, "bloody" Mary rode triumphantly into London as queen, amid the acclamations of the populace and the joyful clamour of church bells. Her lieges of London soon discovered, however, what was to be the character of the new reign, and were not slow to manifest their disappointment. On Saturday the 12th of August, the irritated queen withdrew accordingly to the peaceful tranquility of Richmond, and the absence of the Sovereign encouraged the excited malcontents. On the Sunday one Bourne (afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells), who had "ratted" from the Reformation, and whom Mary had made one of her chaplains, preached before the ruthless Bonner and the Mayor and Corporation of London in the great metropolitan pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. A large and angry crowd, who knew their man, had assembled, and some praises of Bonner by the preacher was the signal for a tumult. Anticipating possibly what happened, Bradford stood behind Bourne in the circular roofed erection which was the pulpit. As the people yelled and raged, the affrighted Bourne besought Bradford to pacify them, and when he stepped forward he narrowly escaped a dagger which had been flung at Bourne from the crowd. "Bradford, Bradford; God save thy life, Bradford," was the general shout when the beloved preacher came to the front. His exhortations pacified the multitude, and, covering Bourne with his gown, Bradford conveyed him safely into the neighbouring school of St. Paul's. "Ah! Bradford, Bradford!" said one angry and disappointed "gentleman" in the crowd, "thou savest him that will help to burn thee."

The prophesy was a true one. Three days afterwards he was brought before the Privy Council and charged with "sedition." It was easy to refute this absurdest of charges, but his Reformation principles he could not and would not deny, and he was flung into the Tower. The first Marian persecution was beginning, and soon the heads of the Reformation—Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, with many lesser adherents were in prison. Bradford was removed from the Tower to the King's Bench, where his benign and saintly character won over even his gaolers, and he preached and prayed without stint to those that flocked to hear him. He visited and administered, and helped with his purse, the ordinary criminals of the prison, in a fashion that calls to mind the Vicar of Wakefield, and his conversations with the persons delegated to argue him into recantation read like dialogues in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Meanwhile the absolute powers of the old ecclesiastical tyranny were being resuscitated. An act was passed to revive the penal statutes against the Lollards, and the Bishops' Courts were armed with authority to arrest and punish heretics. On the 4th of February, 1555, Rogers, the proto-martyr of the English Reformation, a Warwickshire not, as is sometimes said, a Lancashire man, was burned in Smithfield. After lingering in one prison and another for fifteen months, Bradford was finally examined by Bonner and Gardiner, and condemned to death for recusancy in the January preceding the burning of Rogers. A few days after this event, Bradford wrote to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, rejoicing that their "dear brother" had "broken the ice valiantly." His own doom was served, and he spoke of it with a Christian playfulness; he was their "gentleman-usher" going before and showing them the way. His persecutors had originally intended to send him to be burnt in Lancashire as an example to the heretics and heretically disposed of his native county, but either fear of

the men of Lancashire, or a hope that he might be persuaded to recant, induced them to keep him lingering on through the spring into the summer of 1555. By the end of May, Queen Mary's hope of a child (by Philip of Spain) were disappointed, and all the confident preparations made for its advent proved to have been thrown away. In her sombre and half-insane sorrow she issued a circular to quicken the anti-heretical zeal of the Bishops, and the execution of Bradford's sentence, among others, was ordered. He had never shown, and to the last never showed, the slightest sign of willingness to recant: on the contrary he looked forward to death in such a cause with hope and joy. The day before his martyrdom he spent in looking over his papers (for during his imprisonment he had been ever busy with his pen), giving directions concerning them, and in "prayer and other good exercises" with half a dozen of his friends.

He was taken to Newgate late in the night of the 30th of June, 1555, when it was thought the city would be in bed, but "in Cheapside and other places between the Compter and Newgate was a great multitude of people that came to see him, which most gently bade him farewell, praying for him with most lamentable and pitiful tears; and he again as gently bade them farewell, praying most heartily for them and their welfare." At nine o'clock next morning he was brought "with a great company of weaponed men" into Smithfield. A poor lad of 19, a tallow-chandler's apprentice, John Leaf by name, whose notions respecting "the Real Presence" were not those of Bonner and Gardiner, was condemned to die along with him. Each prostrated himself on either side of the stake, and prayed for a minute, when one of the sheriffs interrupted their devotions by saying:—"Arise and make an end, for the press of the people is great." Bradford's last words were to poor John Leaf: "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night," and so spake no more that any man did hear, but, embracing the reeds, said thus: "Straight is the way, and narrow is the gate that leadeth to eternal salvation, and few be they that find it." "He endured the flame," says quaint old Fuller, "as a fresh gale of wind in a hot summer's day."

More than three centuries have come and gone since Bradford's martyrdom, and the controversy between Pope and Protestant is not yet quite ended, though the Smithfield fires have long been quenched for ever. The time must come when that controversy, too, is destined to close. But while the English race survives, honour will be paid to the memory of men who preferred death to falsehood.

BETTING AND THE TURF.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

WE trust our excellent Bishop, whose capacity for work is prodigious, is not going to take to betting. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has been taking his lordship to task for his very sensible remarks regarding "the Surplice and the Gown," and as much as insinuates that he does not understand the subject. However that may be, while our sympathies go entirely with the common-sense view which the bishop takes of the matter, it is quite clear that he knows nothing about betting and the state of the odds. Last Thursday, while the Manchester Tradesman's Cup was being run for on that dusty Sahara, the new race-course adjoining Regent's Road, the Bishop of Manchester was preaching a sermon to the Sunday-school children of Salford at Christ Church. Possibly infected by the atmosphere of the neighbourhood, and its proximity to the race-course, his lordship, during the sermon, remarked that his "young hearers were getting to that age when they would soon have to face the world with all its temptations, attractions, vain passions, and allurements; and unless they had some principle of steadfastness in them, some principle of resistance to the powers of evil, *it was ten to one they would get led astray.*" Ten to one! We should say it was nearer ten thousand or ten millions to one—any odds, in fact, as sporting men say, or we have not been brought up in the orthodox faith. We fear that had circumstances, which more or less control the destiny of all men, made the bishop an owner of race horses, or a member of the ring, he would have made a very bad book.

Of late, the public and the clerical mind has been much exercised about betting and horse-racing, and regarding the latter the cry has even been raised, "away with it, down with it, down with it." Dean Howson, of Chester, approached the subject the other day, but with much caution and diffidence, his remarks applying rather to the Saturnalian orgies consequent upon Chester races than to the quadrupedal competition. Dean Close, of Carlisle, has been railing at horse-racing for years, but so also has he been at the theatre and tobacco-smoking. A fortnight since, Mr. Tom Hughes, M.P. for Frome, asked leave to bring into the House of Commons a bill to amend the laws relative to horse-racing. In the course of his speech "Tom Brown" made some most ludicrous blunders, got into a complete mess, and showed his utter ignorance of what he was talking about. It was evident that the *shoemaker had gone beyond his last*, and he has had to abandon his bill.

Now we are not going to defend horse-racing, much less betting and the other excrescences which have grown upon the original trunk; but let us know well what we are about in dealing with the subject. By all means surround the sport and its gambling accompaniments with as many safeguards as possible. Eradicate "list-houses," banish the advertisements of tipsters from the newspapers, and, if needs be, lay ruthless hands upon Tattersall's itself; but to prevent people by Act of Parliament from running horses against each other and betting upon the issue is about as visionary an idea as ever entered into the mind of man. If Mr. James Merry chooses to bet one pound or one thousand pounds that his horse Macgregor will beat Lord Falmouth's horse Kingcraft for the St. Leger, can any law, present or prospective, prevent his doing so? And if Giles Scroggins follows suit, and enters into a similar transaction with Humphrey Dobbin for the sum of two shillings and sixpence, what is there to prevent him? There are such things as card-playing, Stock-exchange gambling, cotton-speculating, punting upon pig-iron and hops, billiard matches, pigeon-shooting matches, coursing, and sundry other sports and occupations, which may be and are made the vehicles for swindling just as much as horse-racing is. It is a matter of every day occurrence that Messrs. Shakethebones and Co., merchants, sell to Shoddyspinner and Co. ten, twenty, or one thousand bales of cotton, at ¼d. per pound below present prices, to be delivered three or four months hence,—they (Shakethebones and Co.) at the present time not having a single bale on hand or contracted for. The transaction on either side is nothing more or less than a bet in round numbers of £500 to £1000 that cotton will be a halfpenny per pound cheaper within the given time.

Doubtless the attendant iniquities referred to by the Dean of Chester are deplorable, but iniquities abound wherever large concourses of people assemble together. To come nearer home, the Whitsuntide holidays in Manchester, apart from the races, are tainted with vice. It is very questionable to us whether the procession of Sunday-school children and the various excursions do not do more harm than good. We suspect that the collecting together of large concourses of people brings into prominence vices which already exist, but which happily, at ordinary times, remain in the back-ground. Even church-going itself is open to abuse, and is more or less a sham. Does one half, peradventure does one tenth part, of a crowded congregation attend public worship for any other reason than because it is the custom and the fashion so to do? To attend church as a means towards an end is right and proper. To do the same thing as an end only, is an act of hypocrisy, and a sin which deadens the soul and sears the conscience as with a red-hot iron. As with the laity, so it is with the clergy. Never do they appear to so little advantage as when they meet at Ecumenical councils, convocations, synods, presbyteries, and other sacerdotal gatherings. They soon get to loggerheads, and proceed to get each other's head into chancery with the greatest unction and vigour.

While, therefore, we are willing to take our humble part in endeavouring to eradicate from the turf what is bad and possible, we confess that, like the Dean of Chester, we see the greatest difficulties connected with the subject and the maintenance of British liberty. Any violent suppression, we fear, would produce latent disease of a more virulent nature.

THE REAL "FAT OF THE LAND."—Butter made out of Thames Mud.

AD MISERICORDIUM.

"GUARDIAN" TO THE CAPTAIN-ARTIST, LOQUITUR.

Oh, man of Paint! Oh, wrathful man of War!
Restrain thy deadly ire a little yet:
Defame, deface no more thy fellow-man; nor
Kill him with pen, with brush, with bayonet.

The quality of Mercy is not strained:
Let Mercier's quality far finer be.
Re-strain, re-strain: nor enter, triply trained,
To use again thy murderous weapons three.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE EXCURSIONIST.

THIS is a "party" (I am obliged to use the word, yet apologize for doing so) so out of my beat, but one from which I have suffered so intensely during the past Whitweek's holiday in the matter of bustling, jostling, and inquiries as to which was the road to Belle Vue, that I feel I could not deal with the party impartially, and I have, therefore, desired a railway guard, a friend of mine, to favour me with a few observations about the excursionist, and here you have them.

THE EXCURSIONIST FROM A RAILWAY-GUARD POINT OF VIEW.

My name is Beemish, George Beemish in my baptism, wherein I was made, &c. I am married and have five—not wives, but—children, all from the same fruitful vine, with every prospect of further grapes as occasion may offer. I took to "guarding" early, and though I am a Staffordshire man, I was employed down south, below Exeter—you know the country, clotted-cream, heifers, and so on. Owing to an awkwardness with another guard, the precise colour of the vagabond I will leave you to guess (though he was a railway guard all the same), which ended in our going behind the goods depot and having it out, wherein the coloured got the worst of it. Captain Sleeper, the manager, gave me the sack, and I came down to Lancashire to get another shop. It was here I fell in with these excursionists, which are the plague, bane, and worry of my life. Give me my chronometer and my whistle, with proper documents made out by the young clerks at the stations (and *they* are a rum lot, mark you, are those clerks), and I'll take a train, composite or otherwise, special or parliamentary, blindfold almost, down my beat at any hour, always supposing it is not an excursion train. When I say any train, I go entirely by Bradshaw. Any reasonable man not satisfied with the choice offered him by Bradshaw must be hard to please. Let him take Bradshaw in his right hand as a time-table conscience clause, and his education is on the right track. What, let me ask, makes the respectability of Bradshaw? Why do old and young amongst the upper and monied classes swear by him, and occasionally at him? Smilingly and unhesitatingly I say, because he is purged from excursionists. I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bradshaw, but I understand he was "a friend." He was a friend, indeed, to railway guards. Mr. Blacklock is one of the directors, and he is not above asking me occasionally to smoke a cigar when he rides in my van, and his benevolent countenance is all over beams of gracious goodness when he offers me his pocket-flask, and says, "Come, Beemish, top up, for it's coldish weather." When a gent of his amiability and freedom of manners gets up in a morning, and runs his eagle eye over his own "guide," price sixpence, I say blessings on his honest head, John Anderson my Jo, that in that precious volume he will never find the word "excursion train." Ticket—excursion *ticket*—yes, but not *train*. No! When Bradshaw comes down to excursion trains, this country is doomed, you may rely upon it. Farewell, then, my trim built wherry, and the great wars that make ambition shunt—a long farewell! I cannot help quoting a little poetry—which you will excuse.

Well, as I was saying, these excursionists are the bane of my life, and, whilst they are about during the summer months I become as thin as a lath. I took to 'em kindly enough at first, when I was fresh at the work, but I was wore off to the bone in patience before three months were over, and my stocking leg had become like a young bladder. What with the big lads and the young wenches, which latter were always the rougher of the two: what with women and babies, and old women, and those old fools the old men—who, being third-class passengers, invariably selected a first-class carriage, and could with difficulty be got out again, I have waged, during this last week, a contest by the side of which the differences in the Pilgrim's Progress were as nothing. The only consolation I have had has been this, that the incarnate fiends have pegged pretty well into one another, and "thrutched"—as they call it in their hideous jargon—until I have heard their ribs crack against the booking office rail, and the women's stays chip inwards as you would break a lucifer match in two. They have been yowling outside our station at six o'clock in the morning—train to start at 7·10. They would squat like Hottentots on their haunches against the long wall of the station, and tear meat and bread to pieces, growling all the time like bears, and calling each other awful names. Seeing me pass inside the iron gates in my uniform, they called out to me, "Sithee mon, weer's th' train." Some of them were trying to squeeze their dirty faces through the bars. Of course, I didn't answer, upon which it was suggested that if my yed were fettled wi' a brick I might open my jaws—which is probable enough—and more than that, if I had been one of those useful dragons who, in the olden time, were in the habit of eating up a village for breakfast, I pledge you my word that I was in such a passion about the possibility of my head being fettled with a brick, that I would have eaten all these excursionists and the iron gates of the station as well.

I may as well go on with my narrative, for one bout of excursioning is very much like another. By degrees, the congregation outside the station becomes enormous, and then the gates are opened. Writers for magazines often say they would willingly draw a veil over the rest of the heart-rending narrative, but they seldom do it: perhaps because they have not a veil handy at the time. I will draw no veil over the hell-yelling multitude which almost carries long Peter (six feet two), the other guard, and myself out of the station. With a wary eye to comfort they all make for first-class carriages, and I should like you to see long Peter fetch 'em out again. He never loses his temper. I do. He puts his hand in when they turn "hokkerd," as he calls it, and brings 'em out as rabbits from a hutch, merely repeating slowly the formula for all excursionists, "third-class lower down." Upon which the excursionist rabbit shakes himself together and insists upon entering the most crowded carriage he can find, when he is set upon by the women as "thou great gawby," and pushed up and down the carriage until he, metaphorically, consumes their eyes, and then sits down on the weakest old woman he can find convenient, beginning at her nose and sitting slopingly down her until her knees are almost pounded, and tears come into her eyes, and her poor old countenance looks like a gutta percha toy. Mr. Edwin Waugh, poet and humourist, and a good one too—one one of the best in England—tells us these men have gradely kind hearts. Well, if they have, they feature tarnation badly at showing 'em. No man in the carriage pulls off the brute that is impressing the old woman, and you can hear the packing case tin which forms his throat and the coat of his stomach harshly chuckling at his luck in having got such a seat. My blood boils so that I would like to fight the wretch. I fetch Peter, who is still cool as a cucumber. He asks the beast what he is doing there. The beast refers him to the bottomless pit, altering the adjective and altering the pit, and in an instant out goes the rabbit, and the gutta percha face is all right again.

I can never make out what they do when they go excursioning. They always appear to me to be melancholy mad all the time they are out. Some of them—this is a fact—never leave the station when they get, as they call it, to the "fur end," but sit on the bank, eating fat bacon out of a basket, and drink gin from stone bottles, lest they should be left behind at night by the train going without them. The lads put out their heads and grin as the train goes along, and shout at casual labourers in the fields with aimless jokes and they knock one anothers' heads against the sides of the windows, and bellow when the blood squirts out of the victims ears, like a chained bull pup when they are killing a pig at Oldham. It seems to me very often an insult to the lovely lanes and meadows, by which we whirl in the train, that such people should go near them. In cheap publications I read that the conversation with Nature afforded by excursions has a refining influence upon the workman's soul. That supposes a soul, and not a heap of flesh with clogs on and half-a-crown to spend in drink. If you must refine such fellows, ship them off to a South American prairie, and let a

stampede of buffaloes refine them. An English hedgerow of hawthorn bloom or pendant chains of wild roses will not. When I bring them, sometimes howling, to Belle Vue– I mean the Gardens, not the palatial villa residence with the round tower close by—no such luck—I do sometimes really feel that if Frederick, the head lion, were to give Mr. John Jennison the slip, and prance about amongst some of the excursionists, and paw them about a little, his claws having been previously neatly pared, and his mouth muzzled carefully with one of the worsted mufflers these excursionists so much affect, that they would then get a playmate with whom they could sympathise, and that they would then be sore from his bouncing caresses.

I am afraid this is a rather ill-tempered effusion on the whole, but I have been so tormented by excursionists during the past week, that my grain has got all the wrong way. My only consolation is, that the newspapers have written on the other tack, and held forth this holiday time as a most instructive and healthful period, and that the gambols of the excursionists have been big with blessings. One of Standring's omnibus horses is about to publish a tract in the same strain—all love and harmony, and hymns and bun loaf and ginger beer. I can well understand that ginger must have entered into the composition, but I can have no opinion of an author, biped or quadruped, requiring such a stimulant, and all well-conditioned horses will cheerfully acquiesce in that declaration.

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.

BIRDS.

IT is recorded somewhere by one of those great l——, well, lovers of fiction, that Plato having defined man to be a featherless biped, one of his opponents sent a live "rooster" completely despoiled of its plumage, to the wondering disciples of that eminent Ph. D., with the message "there's Plato's man for you!" Startling, if true, as the newspaper paragraphs say, but not true, probably. Plato, thou reasonest—better, we should opine.

It is surprising what a quantity of similes and expressions, idioms almost, we have derived from this part of creation, not in connection with anything disreputable, however, except so far as the "lark," symbolising a possible excess of animal spirits and lightheartedness, may do so. The cock of the walk is not always perhaps an agreeable companion, and the Game Chicken keeps questionable company, but the innocence of the dove, and the unsuspecting nature of the pigeon, are proverbial. The "little duck" of the ballroom or the picnic often enlarges, we fear not to improve, into the goose of the domestic hearth. The goose, by the way, has sadly declined in public estimation since the old classic S.P.Q.R. days, when, in consequence of their having been supposed to have saved the Capitol, by stoutly hissing the bad management of the invaders, they were decreed all kinds of honours and reverence. But it is in intellectual character only that they are now considered to be deficient. The poet still sings

> Of all the birds that float in air,
> The goose must be preferr'd;
> There is so much of nourishment
> In that weak-minded bird.

Possibly, like the modern British school-boy, its corporeal qualities have been cultivated at the expense of its mental ones. As a plain household family dish, we think the goose takes precedence of the turkey. The latter, a delicate exotic, which as a youngster must not be allowed to get even its feet wet, grows up to be a ridiculous old red-necked hectoring bubbly-jock. On the table, however, whether roast or boiled, he rivals a fillet of veal for white insipidity, and the sausages and the forcemeat are, as the old saying goes, half the battle. Carve away the breast and there is nothing left, and you may send his legs, literally, to the devil. There is a wild gamey sort of flavour about the leg, as if he had walked off with some good things of his native land, but where that is seems doubtful. We call him Turkey; our lively neighbour, the Mossoo, likewise geographical, calls him d'Inde, or familiarly, dindon. We don't care ourselves to go further than Norfolk for it, where it attains a size which that distinguished but extinguished party, the dodo, would not have disdained to rival.

A few winters ago we sat down to discuss that phase of the Eastern question. We are afraid to say what it weighed, but we know that a large family dined and otherwise fed on it more or less for a week. That, however, is a thing we should'nt think of buying; it would be the destruction of our economical programme. But the goose we may be permitted to indulge in at odd times between Martinmas and New Year's Day. The sage, accompanied by the onion (well boiled) of the country, will draw forth all its best juices and fill it with a savouriness not its own. We like our goose to be nine pounds weight, at least, and don't quarrel with it for being a trifle fat. The dripping, or grease as it is generally called, is the most greasy grease we know, and comes in for all kinds of kitchen (not cooking) purposes; notably for anointing the upper leathers of our boots in the swiftly-coming snowy season. It will not do, however, to go aimlessly about in search of a goose. Principally avoid Shudehill, that home of the india-rubber duck and the gutta-percha goose. Go rather to a respectable shop, and wherever you have bought a tender one, show your good sense and gratitude, and thither again "repair with willing feet." Remember, also, that with a goose the first expense is the last. No ham, sausages, forcemeat, or other titillating or condimentary zest is wanted to coddle it up into a semblance of tastiness and increase the expense of it. It requires but the fragrant bulb, sagely compounded, to replace the giblets usually found cleaned in the goose you buy ready dressed, and a little seasoning of pepper and salt. You may meet with this curiously mixed with bread crumbs, under some mistaken idea of tempering the rancour of the onion. This is quite an erroneous notion, for the onion only requires a little more boiling, in several changes of water if you like, to reduce it almost to a tasteless condition. Our objection is that the bread acts as a sponge to soak up and retain the melted fat of the bird, which should be allowed to percolate and drain away, and the mere onion will permit it to do this. There will be quite sufficient richness left in the bird however you roast it, and it ought to be well roasted, else there is an unpleasant redness about the wing and drumstick joints, which will remind you of an underdone loin of pork. It is, no doubt, possible to over-roast it, which is another extreme to avoid, for the skin—"the goose-skin which the lad never could have enough of"—will be burnt, and the meat leave a white dry bone unpleasant to look at. The same reasoning which prescribes apple-sauce to pork indicates it as an adjunct to the goose—wherefore, we never could make out. We, personally, never use it, but this is more on the let well alone principle than from any positive objection to it. Each of our readers may make himself into a committee of taste, and pass his own resolutions on the subject.

There remains more "anent" the goose,—Giblets! Your goose-giblets are just a little too strong for making soup, but they make one of the best pies going. If you buy your goose dressed, take out the giblets as soon as you can, steep them in cold water, and, several hours afterwards, stew them gently in a closed earthenware pan in the oven for about an hour; strain the liquor away and make the giblets into a pie, with a steak cut into two-ounce pieces and a plain crust. If the bird be not an old one, you can use about half the strained liquor for gravy to the pie, but don't put any additions or abominations in, such as a black-pudding, or anything of that kind. Not that we consider the black-pudding an abomination in itself, but in a pie it comes within Lord Palmerston's celebrated dictum, it is "matter in the wrong place." Lastly, for goose is a subject we seem loth to leave, nothing but a potato is needed as a vegetable—boiled, dry, and white. After which, for, it were pity to omit the time-honoured question, we ask, what is the Latin for goose? Anser: Brandy!

While we now write, however, goose is not, for we will have none of him in his immature and undeveloped state of goslinghood. But we have ducks, of the present year, with the newly arrived potato and the green peas of the period. Most of what we have said of the goose we might repeat of the ducks, but we are constrained, reluctantly, to add that they are incompatible with the very idea of economy. In fact, in the language of the British tradesman, ducks is dear—for the B. T. acting on the Walpolian maxim of every man having his price, insists upon having his.

As regards the next day of a goose or duck, whatever is left is infinitely better cold than hashed or "hotted up" again in any fashion, for there is latent oiliness about these "cold remains," which somewhat unpleasantly asserts itself in any attempt to renew a second life into them.

Cold goose, especially, is excellent, and is "picking" that would almost warrant its companion adjective in the Catechism, stealing. The earliest joke we remember hearing was when, rising seven, we were invited by our pedagogue one very rainy Monday to stay and dine with him, and we should have the left leg of a goose. Pondering much on this, our perplexity was increased on finding that there was only the right leg. The explanation came at the end, and, *risu solvuntur tabulæ*, only the accidence was not as yet within the incidence of our taskation.

As to fowls, they do not, as the reader may suppose, often enter into our bill of fare. Yet we have sometimes picked up a pair of fowls towards Chistmas at a price competing fairly with beef or mutton. These we neither roast nor boil, but with a veal cutlet or two and a few slices of ham have made into a pie, and thereof dine grandly and sup gloriously.

We are rather interested in the preservation of the Game Laws, although not "to the manor born" nor come to it by hire or otherwise, convinced that if they were abolished we should never see a vestige of a partridge again. The pheasant we regard as a sentimental impostor and not worth half the money. Grouse has somehow managed to keep at a price which admits it to our table on some particular gaudy day or two in the season: but partridges have been for the last two or three seasons plentiful and cheap. We call good-sized birds at three for two shillings, cheap—for game that is. You may have these for supper, now and then, with plenty of delicate bread sauce, unspiced, and "crumbs" nicely browned and well seasoned with cayenne, and find yourself, at the end, much disposed to be at peace with all the world.

FAIRFIELD,

AND THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.

THE idler about Manchester, having nothing better to do, may contrive to while away many a pleasant hour, not wholly without instruction, by visiting different places of interest in the environs of this great city. Amongst these he will naturally at length come upon that the name of which forms the head of this paper.

Fairfield is a station on the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, and about five miles from the metropolis of cotton. It is a settlement of the Moravians or United Brethren, as they sometimes call themselves. The sect is generally said to have arisen under Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf, a German nobleman of the last century, and to have been called Moravians, because the first converts to the system were Moravian families. They are a very peaceable body of Christians. In the simplicity of much of their worship they resemble the Quakers, whilst, in their acknowledging the authority of bishops, and more especially in their use of religious houses for both sexes, they are not unlike the Roman Church. Each of these establishments is presided over by a kind of Superior, and a somewhat strict discipline is maintained. But let us take a deliberate survey of the place.

Emerging from the railway station we find ourselves in a flat, pastoral, and well-wooded country. The village itself is, perhaps, half-a-mile from the station. Passing down a short lane we cross the high road to Ashton-under-Lyne, through a turnstile into a pleasant undulating meadow, and see before us, at about a field's distance, the object of our journey, and we soon find ourselves treading the streets of the village. It is a pretty, quiet, village, rather quaintly built in four streets, laid out somewhat in the form of the Roman numeral II. It possesses one general shop and one inn. The most important building, however, is the chapel, a plain brick structure, with central block and two small wings, and a wooden cupola surmounting the whole. On either side, each separated by a street, are built the "Brethren's House," and the "Sisters' House." These are half convents, half schools, especially the "Sisters' House;" where young women are educated under the direction of a chief matron or Lady Superior. Besides these institutions there are two excellent boarding schools—one for boys, one for girls. Our earliest and some of our pleasantest recollections are in connection with this village. Here we went to our first school—a dame's school—and soon afterwards for some years to the Boy's Boarding School. This school, we remember, was at that time presided over by a Mr. Craig, who sometimes preached in the chapel, and who was a stout, pale, and rather flabby-faced man. Four and thirty years ago this establishment, and the similar one for girls, stood in high repute amongst the residents of Manchester, and were always well-filled with boarders. Judging from our recollections we should say it was a fairly average place of instruction, kindness certainly predominating over strictness of discipline; but, being a boarder with an old nurse in the village, our knowledge only extends to what took place in school hours. Altogether, looking back upon that bright page of our existence, with its clean cottage where we lived, its "careless-ordered garden" at the back, where the roses grew so abundantly, with the sounds of its birds and its bees in our ears, and that nameless half-forgotten melody in our heart, we must conclude that Fairfield was as pure, wholesome, innocent a spot as could well be found on this earth.

"But thirty-four years ago, quotha?" Though not much different in outward appearance, the heart, the soul, ay the very breath has been knocked out of the place by our modern advances. The building of cotton mills in the adjoining village of Droylsden, and the passing of the railway through the country, have contributed towards taking away from Fairfield much, very much, of its original, simple, and pastoral character, and importing in its stead a good deal of the town element. When last we were there, on visiting the inn, which in our childhood was presided over by a good-humoured Falstaffian Boniface, we found all changed: strict temperance principles were in full force: and our ring for refreshment was answered by a somewhat sour, stern-visaged matron. The shop where, halting between the counter attractions of sugared almonds and writing paper, we were wont to spend our Saturday penny, was there indeed, but its shutters were closed. The place apparently could not support it. Altogether, as a fresh, rural, unsophisticated spot, we felt that Ichabod might very truly be written upon it. Its glory had indeed departed. Cottonopolis had made a long arm, and was already elbowing even this retired settlement out of its way. How the only other kindred settlement in England, that of Fulneck in Yorkshire, may be faring we know not, but it seems clear that the "United Brethren and Sisters" of Fairfield are rapidly becoming extinct.

So it was with rather slow, sad steps that we sauntered about the streets of this still, staid, and silent village, inwardly comparing it with the village we knew in our childhood. No one scarcely noticed us now; but then, had a stranger been seen similarly engaged, the whole population would have been up, taking views of him from every point; and especial vigilance would have been exercised at the "Sisters' House," lest the individal in question should turn out to have designs on some of the fair inmates. We remember one occasion when the whole community was in alarm in consequence of the appearance in their streets of an Indian-looking man, who apparently swallowed swords and fire, and did other fearful deeds. We are certain none ventured forth after nightfall on that eventful day.

One very beautiful custom the Moravians had, which there is little doubt they still keep up. It is analogous to the old custom of tolling the passing bell. Our forefathers, vilipend them how this 19th century may, were a more religious and reverent race than we their children. By the 6th canon it is enjoined:—"When any is passing out of this life a bell shall be tolled, and the minister shall not then slack to do his last duty." This custom still survives in many old churches, but whether the busy passers through our cities' streets entertain a single thought of the meaning of the bell they hear, and the duty it calls them to, is very doubtful. Well, a similar custom prevails amongst the Moravians, with a slight difference. Instead of tolling a bell, when it is known that one of the brethren or sisters is sick, and, in all probability drawing off

> Thro' those dark gates across the wolds
> That no man knows,

a small band of the brethren, carrying brass horns, ascend to the cupola which, as has been said, rises from the apex of the chapel roof, and there, in that elevated and open position, play a few slow plaintive chords, a sort of requiem or dirge, as we think, for the passing soul. The effect of this music, always after dark, high up in the open air, is indescribably beautiful and solemn, and sometimes almost awful. And more than once, on a wild stormy night, we have been awakened from our childish sleep in affright, and heard those fearful horns in the chapel cupola breathing the last sad farewell.

The chapel worship of the Moravians, though of a very simple character, is very impressive. In some respects, as has been said, they

resemble the Romanists. They do so in the separating of the sexes during public service, in their use of religious houses, and, generally speaking, in the possession of a ceremonial which undoubtedly appeals to the senses. We remember to this day the delight with which we attended service in some of our early Christmases, when the chapel was one mass of green bough and red berry; and we can never forget the gloom which, in common with all, seemed to shroud our small spirit when the place was put into very deep mourning in memory of His Majesty the late King William the Fourth. The Moravians are, in sooth, a peaceful and loving community; odd, no doubt, in some matters, as, for example, in this fact: that if a wretched bachelor Brother desires to take unto himself a wife, he chooses her by lot from amongst the sisters; but simple-minded, quiet, and social. They preach and teach love, though, doubtless, they occasionally experience, as the outer world around them, the bitterness inseparable from every earthly society; but they avoid, as much as possible, everything that would lead to controversy, and so escape many provocations thereto. About once a month they hold what they call love feasts in their chapel, on which occasions they partake together of tea and a certain kind of very luscious bun, cunningly compounded of very fine flour, milk, butter, candied lemon, citron, &c., of which we entertain most kindly recollections. These feasts, we suppose, are with them analogous to that of the Holy Cummunion in the Church. But of all their ritual and ceremonial practices, none are to us more solemn, or more in accordance with our own tastes, than that of the reverent dirge in the cupola before mentioned, and the final carrying to the grave of the dead body; when, after a tearful musical service in the chapel, the central doors are thrown open, and the corpse is carried out into the little pleasant graveyard, and, with affecting hymn, and not without the offering of sweet fresh flowers, deposited in its final resting place.

Fairfield is not now what once it was: it is not the happy, rural, sweet-smelling paradise of even thirty years ago, but its somewhat quaint, demure, and quiet aspect still offers many points of interest, and perhaps even a charm, to those who knew it not in its former life.

THE BISHOP AND THE EVANGELIST MISSION.

CONSIDERABLE surprise and even consternation was created, particularly in clerical circles, by the appearance last week of an announcement that the Bishop of Manchester was to "conduct" the first of a set of special services at the Tabernacle in Grosvenor Street. The Tabernacle, which was originally built for Dr. Warren, has, until recently, been in the hands of the Primitive Methodists, and they have sold it, or are selling it, to the Evangelist Fathers or Mission Committee, who are just now angling extensively for "dibs" to make up the £1980 said to be required to pay for it. The clerical, or perhaps we ought to say the clerico-feminine, excitement was somewhat allayed by finding that the Bishop was not going to the Tabernacle after all, but to the Free Trade Hall, and it was fortunate the change was made, since a large number of persons were enabled to listen to one of the most spirit-stirring addresses that has ever been delivered in that place.

By half-past seven on Tuesday evening last the gallery was more than three parts full, and there was a tolerably full floor, more than a thousand tickets at a shilling each having been sold for the reserved seats. Very soon afterwards the Bishop and Archdeacon Anson, accompanied by several clergymen and others, mounted the platform, and were received like so many of M. Halle's prima donnas, with much applause. The Bishop took the chair and proceeded to business at once by proposing to sing the hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," and the assembly rising, the air was begun by a stout bass voice like a Scotch precentor's, somewhere at the back of the chairman, and it was wearily dragged along at a slow pace. There is one good thing about a Ritualist service—they get on briskly with their hymns, and sing as if they meant it. It surely need be no distinctive sign of (what is claimed to be) evangelical Christianity, that the hymns should be drawled out to a tempo, something like that of the "Dead March in Saul." This over, the Bishop said that though not exactly a service for worship, the meeting was to a great extent of a religious character, and therefore it would be proper to begin with prayer, for which purpose he called upon the archdeacon, who sat next to him, to officiate in what a commercial traveller for a home-trade house once in our hearing designated the "praying department." Mr. Anson read too well-chosen Collects and the prayer for Unity in the Prayer Book service for the twentieth of June. Several of the most beautiful expressions were received with many a half-suppressed "Hear, hear." "Amen," and other assentient or confirmatory ejaculations. It seemed odd to hear these to us well-known words, but we can't say they were out of place. Even if they were uttered in church we should not be the first to find fault. Almost anything would be better than the self-satisfied attitude of decorous inattention that pervades our congregations, even while perhaps the most eloquent preacher is drawing forth out of his treasures things both new and old.

The Bishop then rose. From the sudden silence, one might almost have thought, as some no doubt did, that he was on his defence. It did seem at first sight an odd thing that a bishop, and a new bishop too, should voluntarily go among "a lot of Dissenters," so to speak; stranger even than that they should be willing to come and listen to him. No doubt, when a bishop places himself in a situation where he has no distinct character, and is of no consequence, he degrades what is called "the dignity of his order." That's the mistake they have been making for so long a time past—standing on the dignity of their order—keeping aloof like so many Dalai Lamas or Grand Panjandrums, and sitting

> on the hills like Gods together,
> Careless of mankind.

The Bishop's stand-point seems to be this. "I have devoted myself to one object—the spread of religious truth and the inducing of people to lead honest and godly lives. I find a number of other people who say, and I have no reason or desire to disbelieve them, that their objects are the same as mine, only I see them employing different processes, different from each other as well as different from mine, and I say let us see if we can't meet, not so much to compare notes, as to concert measures for getting a supply of the raw material. But bear in mind I'm a Churchman. I think the Church plan the best, but if you find you can do the best in the way you have been going in, for goodness sake keep in it, only do the work. I'd rather adopt my plan, if you could see your way to it, but if you can't, why remain as you are, and God bless you." It was in this view of the case that the Bishop said he had come forward to help the particular institution which is, or aims at being, an agency for bringing a knowledge of religion to that portion of the people who seem to be outside or beyond it, and who never, at any time, attend any place of public worship. He advised them to make it only a preliminary or threshold to the membership of any religious body; by no means to create a fresh schism or sect, or separate religious body, but to be a sort of receiving-house or forwarding agency, to receive and instruct people in the primary truths of Christianity, and pass them on to the church or chapel to which choice, conviction, or early training, or association would direct them. This the Bishop said, was the intention of the Mission Committee, and he advised them to stick to it, and, above all things, to avoid excitement and fanaticism. True religion, he remarked, does not consist in excitement, but it does consist in an earnest endeavour to frame the life according to the will of God. "Christianity," he continued, "is a sober religion. If there is one characteristic of it more than another impressed upon the face of it, it is its sobriety, its simplicity, its directness of purpose, its going right home to a man's heart and conscience, and bidding him amend his ways and become a new creature. Not by talking about it, or using the cant words of this or that denomination, but by becoming a new creature; that whereas he was a drunkard, he becomes a sober man; whereas he was selfish, he becomes generous; whereas he was a brute, he becomes tender and gracious." But we might go on quoting to the end of this week's number, for there was not only the charm of perfect novelty, but a vigorous simplicity and a direct unpretending and transparent honesty about the whole of this remarkable utterance that took complete possession of the auditory, and the bishop was cheered continually with round after round of spontaneous and hearty applause.

The address occupied an hour within three minutes. Very shortly afterwards we found ourselves on the opposite side of Peter Street, looking, with a crowd, for the Bishop to come down to a handsome carriage and pair standing opposite the general entrance. The Bishop, however, came out on foot from the doorway next the Theatre Royal, marched quickly across the road with one or two friends, and disappeared down South Street, amid the applause of the spectators, who seemed to be highly amused to see a bishop walking along the streets "just as if he was anybody else," as a bystander remarked, though it was difficult to follow the comparison.

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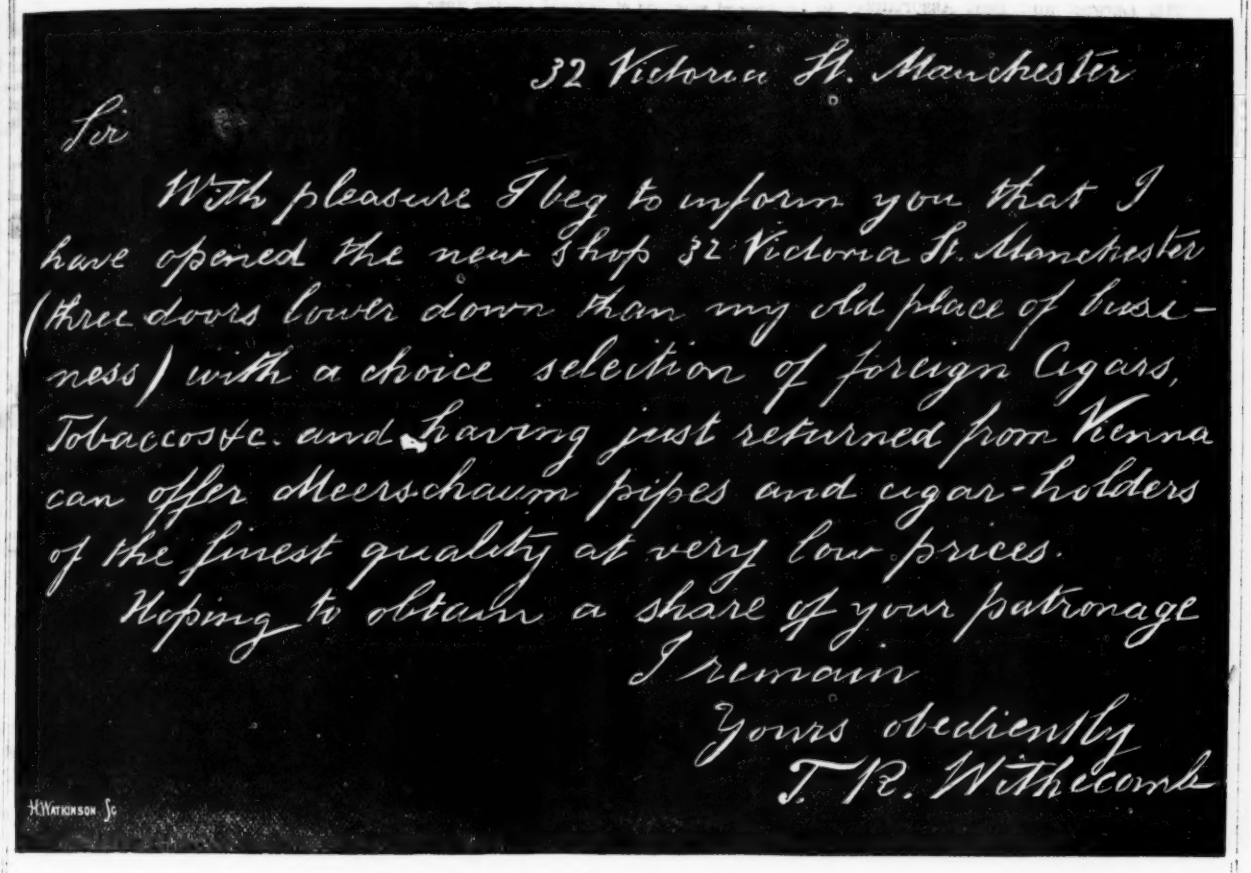
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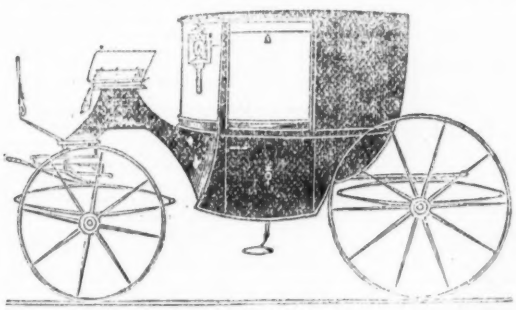

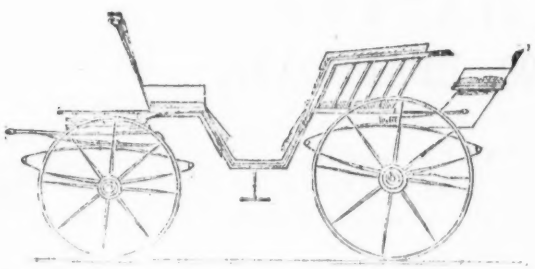

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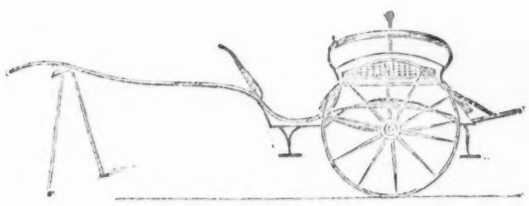

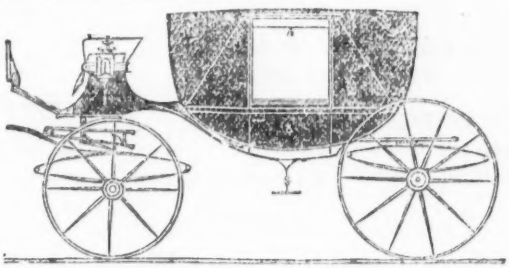

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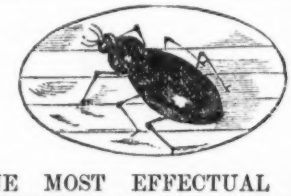

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